

THE
TRIUMPH
OF
FASHION.

[Price 1s. 6d.]

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T H E
T R I U M P H
O F
F A S H I O N.
A
V I S I O N.

L O N D O N,

Printed for WILLIAM GRIFFIN, at GARRICK'S-HEAD,
in Catharine-Street, in the Strand.

M D C C L X X I.

THE

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DEDICATION.

To Mrs. P Y E.

MADAM,

HOWEVER diffident I may have been myself with regard to the Merit of the Piece I now present to the Public; I should be unreasonably so, were I longer to refuse submitting my own Opinion to your Judgment, and object to putting my Name to a Poem, that appears with the Approbation, and under the Patronage, of Mrs. PYE!

THE

THE Subject of the following Pages cannot, I am certain, be any where more properly inscribed than to yourself, as you must particularly suffer by any Power that exalts Folly, Dulness, and Cards, above Wit, Good Sense, and the Social Virtues.

How I have succeeded in the Execution of my Design will soon be determined before that most impartial of all Tribunals, the Public. In the mean Time, I have the Honor to subscribe myself,

M A D A M,

Your affectionate Brother,

and most obedient humble Servant,

HENRY JAMES PYE.

THE TRIUMPH OF FASHION

THE
T R I U M P H
O F
F A S H I O N.

IN that blest'd season, when descending snows,
In robes of virgin white, the fields inclose ;
When BEAUX, and BELLES, their rural seats forego,
For the gay scenes of ALMACK'S and SOHO :
When to his consort's wish the sportsman yields,
And quits, for GROSVENOR-SQUARE, the frost-bound fields :
What time stout Labour waking rears his head,
And jaded Luxury just thinks of bed ;

B

Tired

2 THE TRIUMPH OF FASHION.

Tired with the tollsome pleasures of the day,
Stretch'd on my couch my wearied limbs I lay :
Then, as disorder'd slumbers clos'd my eyes,
This strange fantastic vision seem'd to rise.

ME THOUGHT my footsteps trod a spacious plain,
Of size, assembled nations to contain :---
Expos'd to fight, nor screen'd by shelt'ring wood,
Full in the midst a spacious building stood.
In various ornaments, on every part,
Had Architecture lavish'd all her art ;
Here Grecian columns Gothic structures bear,
Gay China spreads her painted arches there ;
The artist's skill, to charm the roving view,
Had mix'd old orders, and invented new.
High in the dome, on massy pillars rear'd,
Rich with refulgent gems, a throne appear'd,
Where, deck'd in all the pomp of regal state,
'Midst gazing crowds, a female figure sat.

And,

THE TRIUMPH OF FASHION. 3

And, while ten thousand tongues her pow'r proclaim,
The vaulted roofs re-echo FASHION's name.
Round her a train of busy nymphs are seen,
Dressing with skilful hands their haughty queen :
Some plait her robes, her washes some prepare,
Some paint her cheeks, and some adorn her hair ;
Still through perpetual change their labours run,
One moment alters, what the last had done.
Numbers each art to gain her favour try,
And watch the varying motions of her eye ;
At her command employ their utmost skill,
And yield their minds, and bodies, to her will ;
Lay health, and fame, and fortune, all aside,
To follow blindly where her mandates guide.
Let but their worship'd goddess give the word,
No toil seems difficult, no scheme absurd.
Pale Sickness tries each art, that can avail,
To make her faded features yet more pale ;
While rosy Health's capricious fingers spread,
On her fresh blooming cheeks, a foreign red :

The

THE TRIUMPH OF FASHION.

The weakly stripling, fainting with the pace,
Urges o'er hill, and dale, the breathless chace;
While the stout brawny youth, in languid strains,
Of tender frame, and shatter'd nerves, complains:
Nobles, whose fires for freedom bravely stood,
Or seal'd her sacred charter with their blood,
Glory their country's honour to have sold,
For royal smiles, or ministerial gold;
In BRITAIN'S cause while patriot Porters cry,
And Butchers bellow, WILKES AND LIBERTY!

As at this motley scene, in wild amaze,
On every side with wond'ring eyes I gaze,
Sudden, methought, I heard the clarion's notes;
Loud on the wind the martial clamour floats!—
The embattled legions glitter from afar,
And threaten FASHION'S dome with fatal War.
Panting with rage, to break her tyrant laws,
Here sprightly WIT his light-arm'd cohorts draws;

REASON,

THE TRIUMPH OF FASHION.

5

REASON, and SENSE, with VIRTUE by their side,
In close array, their firm battalions guide;
And BEAUTY leads in graceful order on
Her radiant files, that glitter in the sun.

THE Goddess saw, and through the enameled red
A flush of rage her glowing features spread:
Then, frowning, thus: "Do these allies prepare
"To wage with troops like mine unequal war?---
"Soon shall my veterans o'er the purpled plain,
"With force superior, drive the rebel train.
"Though WIT, and SENSE, their various bands combine,
"And VIRTUE's powers with BEAUTY's squadrons join,
"The boldest of their tribe shall mourn, too late,
"The rash resolve that tempts them to their fate,
"And bids them urge a host to warlike deeds,
"Which DULNESS marshals, and which FOLLY leads."

SHE spoke, and while her voice the war defy'd,
Assembling myriads crowd on every side;

C

Undaunted

6 THE TRIUMPH OF FASHION.

Undaunted to the field of death they go,
And frown amazement on the approaching foe :
With dreadful shock the encount'ring armies meet,
And the plain, trembling, rocks beneath their feet.

YE NYMPHS of PINDUS ! string my feeble lyre,
And in my bosom wake MOENIAN Fire !
So shall my song, in equal strains, relate
The bleeding horrors of this field of fate.

FIRST WIT's impetuous train the fight began ;
Full on the foe, with active force, they ran.
The hardy sons of DULNESS bear the shock,
Sustain the onset, and their ardor mock.
Secure from wounds they fight, no hostile reed
Can make the sacred sons of DULNESS bleed :
CONCEIT, (whose tenfold shield's the surest fence
'Gainst all the fire of WIT, and force of SENSE ;
In which, when held before the warrior's heart,
No weapon finds a vulnerable part,

But

But from its temper'd verge the arrows bound,
Nor leave a mark, but blunted strew the ground.)
CONCEIT, propitious hovering o'er their heads,
Before this fav'rite band her buckler spreads ;
Behind its ample round they safely lie,
And scorn the shafts of SATIRE, as they fly.
Weak are the attempts of REASON to sustain
The shatter'd force of WIT's defeated train ;
Alike his baffled legions quickly yield,
And still victorious DULNESS keeps the field.

BUT diff'rent far the martial scene appears,
Where her triumphant banner, BEAUTY rears.
FOLLY, and VICE, in vain their pow'rs oppose,
Wide o'er the field her car exulting goes ;
Before her bands the hostile legions fly,
And round her shining chariot myriads die :
Even DULNESS learns to tremble at the fight,
Draws off her conquering sons, and shuns the fight.

8 THE TRIUMPH OF FASHION.

THE trembling Goddess, seiz'd with deep dismay,
Beheld the fatal fortune of the day :

Yet one remaining band some hopes afford,
To snatch the victory from her rival's sword.
From various regions drawn, a troop she had,
Of forms uncouth, in drefs fantastick clad,
The truest slaves of FASHION's potent reign,
The keenest foes to BEAUTY's gallant train.

A thousand arms they wield, and arts they know,
Destructive all to their triumphant foe :

Here AFFECTATION, dress'd in fell grimace,
Distorts each feature of a lovely face ;

Here MILLENERS and MANTUA-MAKERS join
Their cruel skill, to hide each form divine ;
Above the rest, here dire FRISEURS prepare
Their horrid engines, and provoke the war :

Ten thousand puffs advanc'd with dreadful pow'r
Against the adverse host their powder show'r ;

The

The rising dust obscures the doubtful fight,
And hides the struggling armies from the fight ;
Wide o'er the foe the gathering mist extends,
Full on their fronts the snowy cloud descends,
Through all the host the fleecy deluge sheds
The hoary tint of age on youthful heads.
No more, by artful braidings unconfin'd,
The flaxen hair flows wanton in the wind :
No more the auburn tresses loosely break,
In curls luxuriant, o'er the snowy neck.
Alike the sable locks their lustre lose,
And golden ringlets, sung by many a MUSE.
O'er the fair train the clouds of powder fall,
And universal whiteness covers all.
Her alter'd legions BEAUTY scarcely knows,
And shrinks astonish'd from her shouting foes.
So when on fam'd PHARSALIA's spacious stage
The world beheld her rival chiefs engage,
While ROME's luxurious youth, on POMPEY's side,
Shining in arms, the strokes of death defied ;

D

CÆSAR

10 THE TRIUMPH OF FASHION.

CÆSAR no more against each dauntless breast,
But to their eyes, his glittering spears address'd :
Those who could death in freedom's cause embrace,
Struck with the terrors of a mangled face,
From the disputed field inglorious fly,
To 'scape the horrors of deformity.

Now FASHION's breast with eager transport beats,
While BEAUTY slowly from the field retreats :
But soon her warriors blast the short delight,
Assume fresh courage, and renew the fight.
Each wily stratagem is still in vain,
To vanquish, or destroy, the lovely train ;
Though every dress to hide their charms they wear,
Distort their features, and deform their hair ;
To every dress superior still they rise,
Still darts the living lightning from their eyes :
FOLLY beholds her fainting squadrons yield ;
And baffled DULNESS quits at length the field.

Now,

THE TRIUMPH OF FASHION. 11

Now, FASHION, shame had veil'd thy haughty head,
And BEAUTY reign'd triumphant in thy stead :
But, lo ! auxiliar armies bend their way,
'To rescue from her force the hard-fought day.
These foreign aids, in four divisions drawn,
With steady footsteps march across the lawn.
Two dress'd in sable garbs their squadrons spread,
Two like BRITANNIA's legions clad in red.
Amidst their ranks four frowning kings appear,
And four fair queens their beauteous foreheads rear.
The embattled warriors round, a dreadful fight,
Pant for the conflict, and demand the fight.

“ Now haughty foes ! (exulting FASHION cries)
“ Now learn my potent empire to despise !---
“ Though the disastrous shock of former arms
“ Had left ye blooming in your native charms ;
“ No rouge had spread, no powder fallen, to shroud
“ Your dazzling lustre in a dusty cloud ;

“ Not

12 THE TRIUMPH OF FASHION.

“ Not all your vaunted power should ever boast
“ One laurel ravish’d from yon veteran host.
“ Elate in arms, and foremost in the field,
“ See mighty PAM his maffy halberd wield !---
“ Where-e’er, by victory led, the hero goes,
“ What daring arm, undaunted, shall oppose ?
“ Or who, with fearless eye, the plain explores
“ Where dreadful march yon fable MATADORES ?”---

THE Goddess said.---Impatient to engage,
Onward the legions rush with shouts of rage.
In vain fair BEAUTY calls her faithless band,
And bids each chief the fierce attack withstand ;
The apostate warriors yield without a blow,
Throw down their useless arms, and kneel before the foe.

IN triumph now to FASHION’s ample fane
The jocund victors march across the plain ;
And BEAUTY, hapless victim of the war !
Is chain’d a captive to her rival’s car.

Now

Now joy tumultuous swell'd the Goddess' breast,
 And thus her voice the conquering train address'd :
 " Hail, happy chiefs ! whose steady zeal alone
 " Has saved from ruin FASHION's tottering throne,
 " Whose arms have taught my strongest foes to yield,
 " And chased resistance from yon sanguine field :
 " For this exploit, your ever-honor'd band,
 " As guards perpetual, round my dome shall stand.
 " And founding FAME, who at my palace gates,
 " Obedient on my will, for ever waits,
 " Shall with her trumpets teach the echoing wind.
 " To bear this happy tale to all mankind ;
 " That in each clime where-e'er my awful sway,
 " And high behests, the race of men obey ;
 " Your sacred names, to all my sons endear'd,
 " Shall, as my own, be worship'd and revered.
 " SENSE, VIRTUE, WIT, and PRUDENCE, all combin'd,
 " No more shall win the reverence of mankind,

E

" COURAGE,

14 THE TRIUMPH OF FASHION.

"COURAGE, and WORTH, no longer honor boast,

"But glory follow whom you favour most:

"O'er BEAUTY, PAM shall reign despotic still,

"CUPID resign his arrows to SPADILLE,

"And all who bow to FASHION's dread awards,

"Confess the universal power of CARDS."

F I N I S.

